

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my reuenge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour
I haue a voice and president of peace
To my name vngor'd: but all that time
I doe receiue your offered loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.
Giue vs the Foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles yong *Ostrick*, cosin *Ham*.
You know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.
Your Grace has laid the oddes a'th weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore oddes.

Laer. This is to heauy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine vpon the table,
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their Ordnance fire.

The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,

And in the cup an Onix shall he throw,

Richer then that which foure successiue Kings

In *Denmarkes* Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,

And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speake,

The Trumpet to the Cannoneere without,

The Canons to the Heauens, the Heauens to Earth,

Now

Prince of Denmark

Now the King drinckes to *Hamlet*
And you the Iudges beare a v

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ostr. A hit, a very palpab

Laer. Well, againe.

King. Stay, giue me drink
Heere's to thy health, giue him

Ham. Ile play this bout fi
Come, another hit.

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall win

Quee. He's fat and scant of
Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin

The *Queene* carowes to thy
Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrard*, doe not d

Quee. I will my Lord, I p

King. It is the poysoned cu

Ham. I dare not drinke ye

Quee. Come, let me wipe

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him

King. I doe not think'r.

Laer. And yet it is almost

Ham. Come for the third
I pray you passe, with your b
I am sure you make a wanton

Laer. Say you so come on

Ostr. Nothing neither wa

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the *Quee*

Hora. They bleed on both

Ostr. How ist *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a Woodco